THE Crusaders
RECOMMENDED READING FOR ADULTS AND TEENS.
UNWANTED
A TRUE STORY
VOL. 19
J.T.C.

UNWANTED
© 2010 by Jack T. Chick LLC
Published by Chick Publications
P.O. Box 3500
Ontario, Calif. 91761-1019 U.S.A.
www.chick.com

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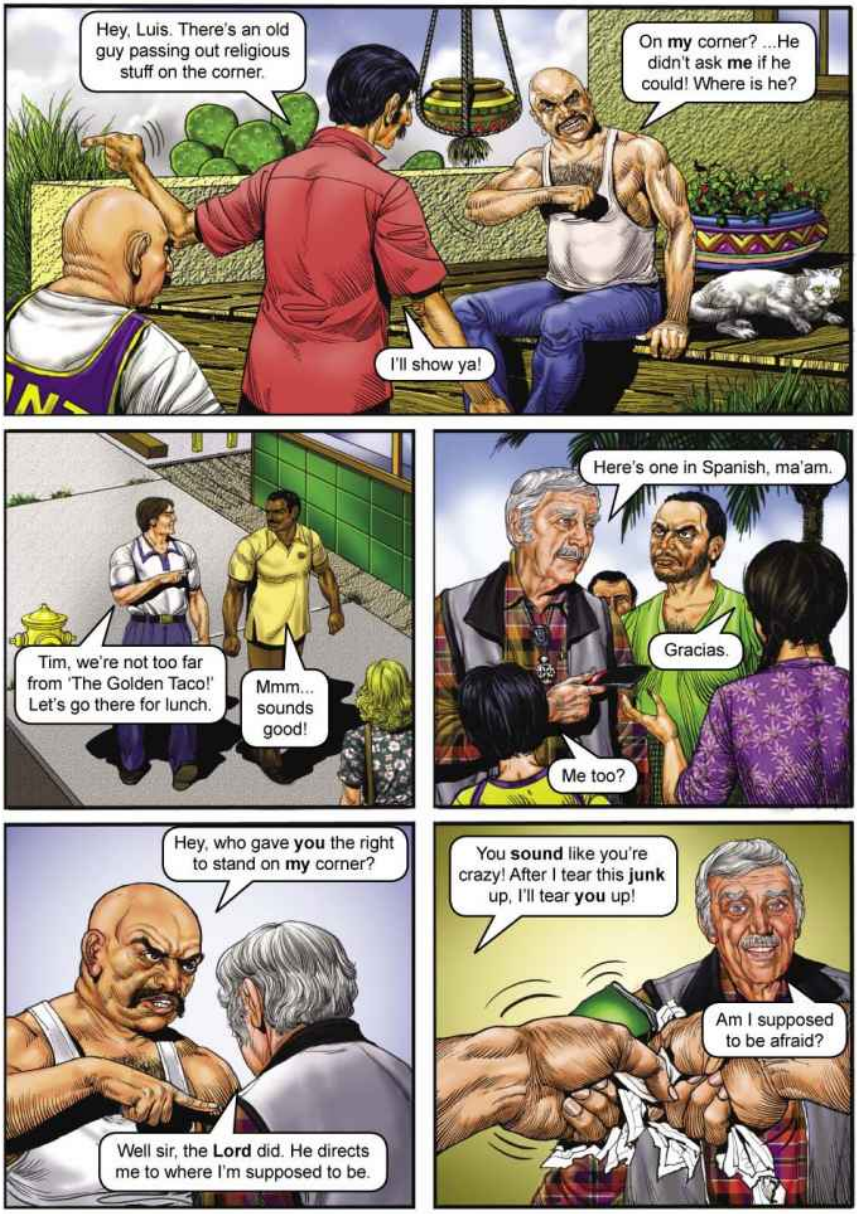
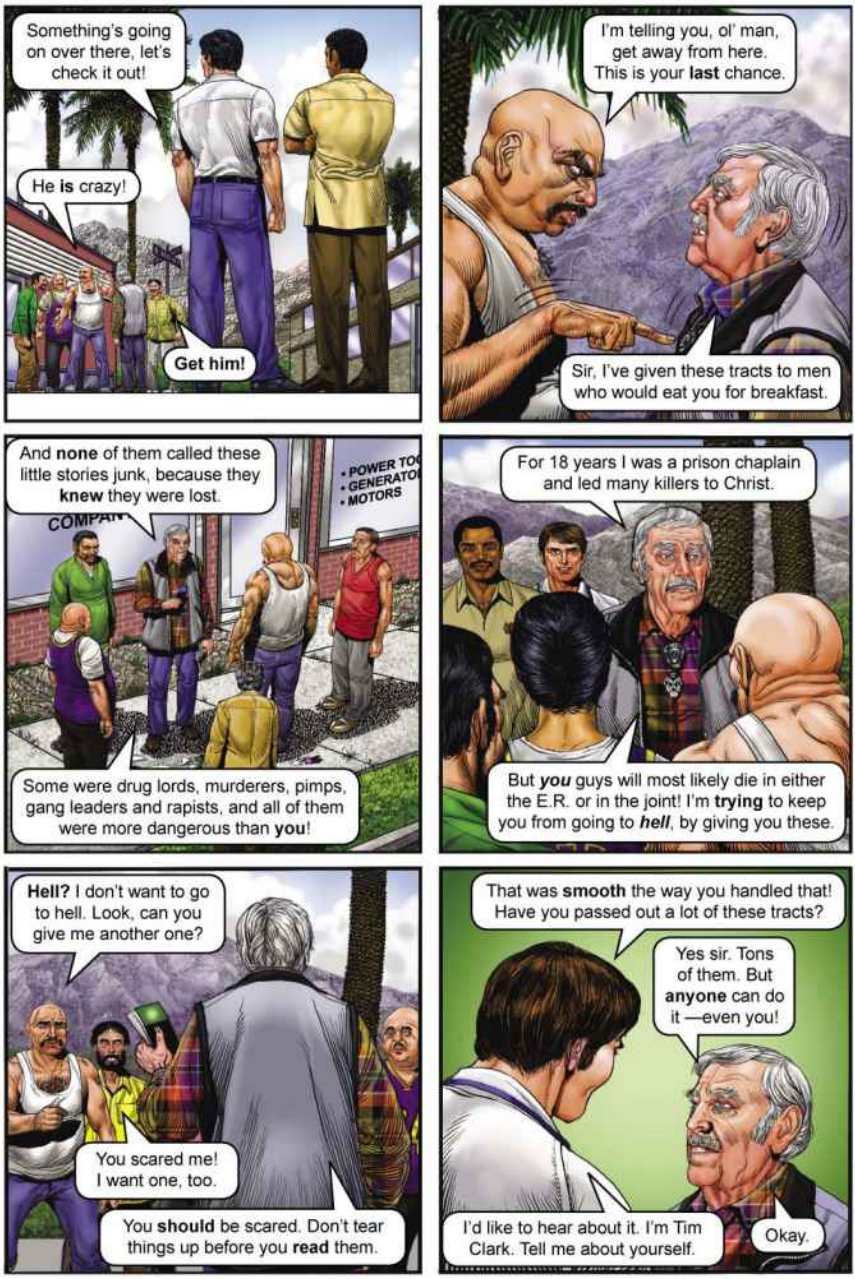
UNWANTED: A TRUE STORY


Hey, Luis. There's an old guy passing out religious stuff on the corner.
On **my** corner? ...He didn't ask **me** if he could! Where is he?
I'll show ya!
Tim, we're not too far from 'The Golden Taco!' Let's go there for lunch.
Mmm... sounds good!
Here's one in Spanish, ma'am.
Gracias.
Me too?
Hey, who gave **you** the right to stand on **my** corner?
Well sir, the **Lord** did. He directs me to where I'm supposed to be.
You **sound** like you're crazy! After I tear this **junk** up, I'll tear **you** up!
Am I supposed to be afraid?


Something's going on over there, let's check it out!
He **is** crazy!
Get him!
I'm telling you, ol' man, get away from here. This is your **last** chance.
Sir, I've given these tracts to men who would eat you for breakfast.
And **none** of them called these little stories junk, because they **knew** they were lost.
• POWER TO
• GENERATO
• MOTORS
Some were drug lords, murderers, pimps, gang leaders and rapists, and all of them were more dangerous than **you**!
For 18 years I was a prison chaplain and led many killers to Christ.
But ***you*** guys will most likely die in either the E.R. or in the joint! I'm **trying** to keep you from going to ***hell***, by giving you these.
Hell? I don't want to go to hell. Look, can you give me another one?
You scared me! I want one, too.
You **should** be scared. Don't tear things up before you **read** them.
That was **smooth** the way you handled that! Have you passed out a lot of these tracts?
Yes sir. Tons of them. But **anyone** can do it —even you!
I'd like to hear about it. I'm Tim Clark. Tell me about yourself.
Okay.

I'm known as Chaplain Dann Slator.

Nice to meet you, Dann.

I'm Jim Carter. Would you join us for lunch and tell us your story?

Sure!

To tell you about my life, I'll have to go back to the end of World War **One**. Our victorious troops were sent home. My dad, John Slator, was one of them.

It was a new beginning and became known as the "Roaring Twenties."

Young people went wild.

It was a time of fast living.

My dad, Sgt. John Slator, a hard-drinking veteran, was released.

He came home to Trinidad, Colorado and got into the grocery business. It was 1922 and he wanted a wife. So he picked her out of a catalog —literally!

Dad wrote a letter to Ruby Blanch in far-off Pennsylvania. She was a mail order bride and she agreed to marry him.

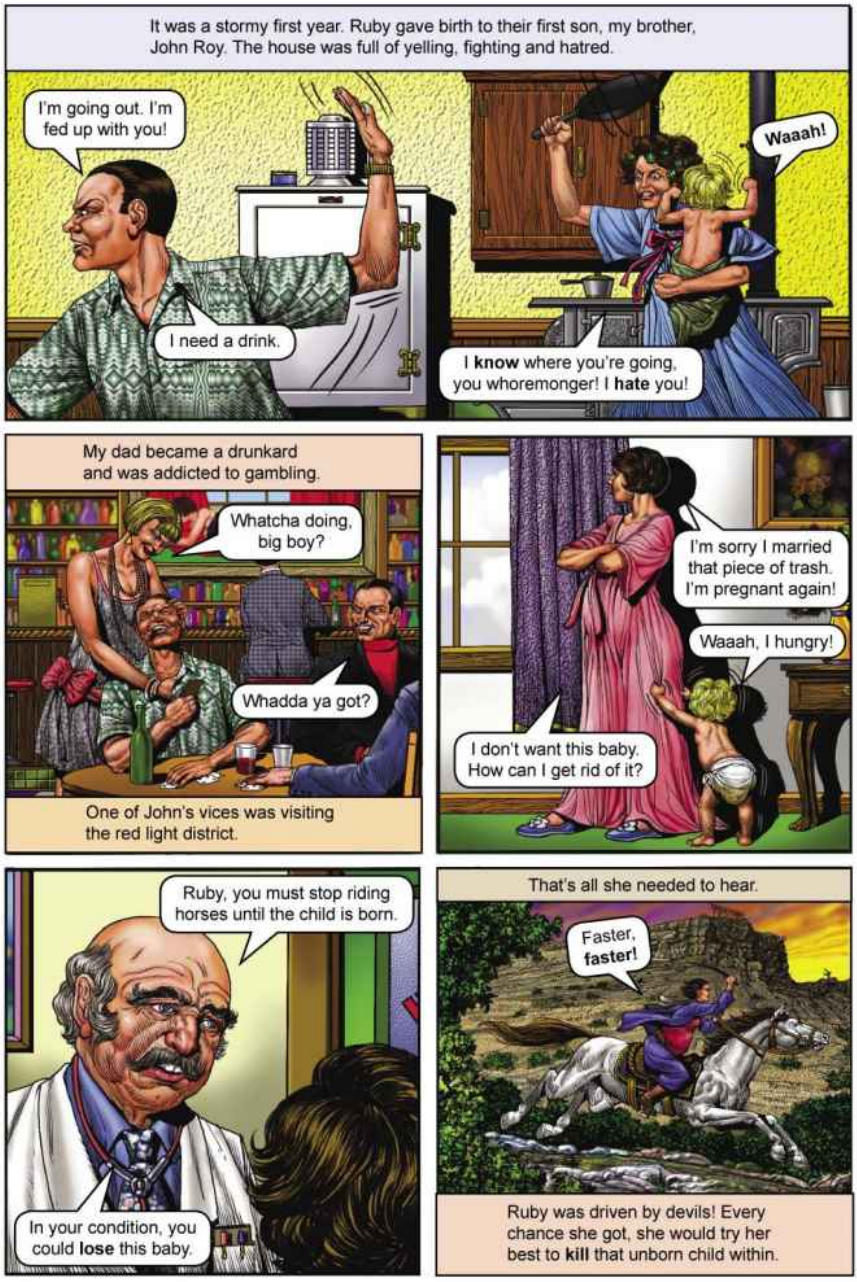
Why not?

I'll do it.

This will get me out of the **mess** I'm in.

John and Ruby, who both lived like the devil, were joined in "holy matrimony."

It was to be a marriage made in hell!


It was a stormy first year. Ruby gave birth to their first son, my brother, John Roy. The house was full of yelling, fighting and hatred.
I'm going out. I'm fed up with you!
I need a drink.
Waaah!
I **know** where you're going, you whoremonger! I **hate** you!
My dad became a drunkard and was addicted to gambling.
Whatcha doing, big boy?
Whadda ya got?
One of John's vices was visiting the red light district.
I'm sorry I married that piece of trash. I'm pregnant again!
Waaah, I hungry!
I don't want this baby. How can I get rid of it?
Ruby, you must stop riding horses until the child is born.
In your condition, you could **lose** this baby.
That's all she needed to hear.
Faster, **faster!**
Ruby was driven by devils! Every chance she got, she would try her best to **kill** that unborn child within.

I was born in 1924, a healthy baby —all ten pounds, 8 ounces of me.

Ruby despised my father and little John Roy, and I only made things worse. She was trapped.

Good news for Ruby! This was her chance to get away.

She filled up some bottles with milk and put them in my crib.

She took off! John Roy was only a year and a half and I was 3 months old. She left us to fend for ourselves.

Mom joined one of her boyfriends.

Ruby was out partying while we were all alone in the dark house.

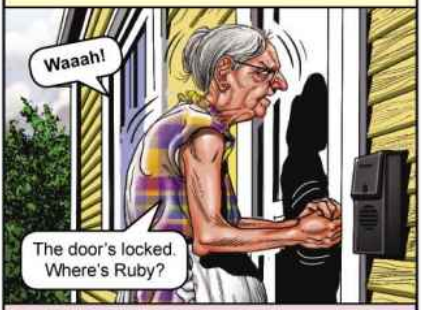
Little John Roy, hungry and deserted, drank all the milk in the crib.

Two days passed. Two screaming little boys, dirty in their own filth, were totally frightened.

I was 3 months old, dehydrating and starving.

Our screams went unheard through the night. The house was pitch dark. I had already lost 2½ pounds. Death was just outside the door.

On the 3rd day, our grandmother was passing the house and heard our hoarse screams.



She broke into the house. What she found made her sick. The stench was unbearable!

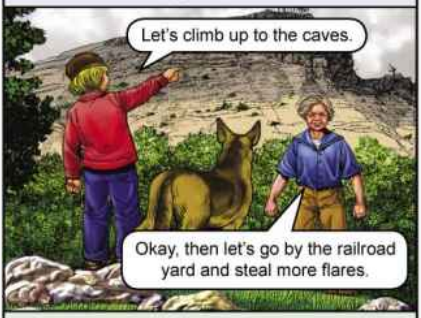
The place was absolutely filthy. Grandma saved my life and took us home for our protection.

When Ruby finally returned she came looking for her boys.

A few years later when we were 3 and 4, Dad gave us a wonderful gift.

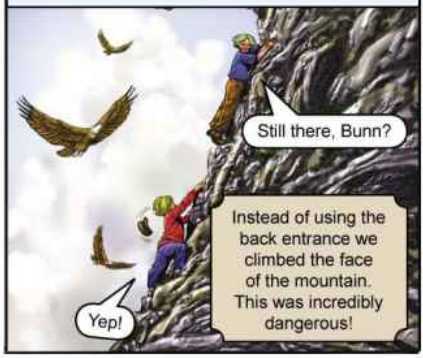
It was a registered German shepherd puppy, who would be our constant companion. We loved Helmer and he loved us.

Since nobody really cared what we did, we were free to go wherever we wanted.



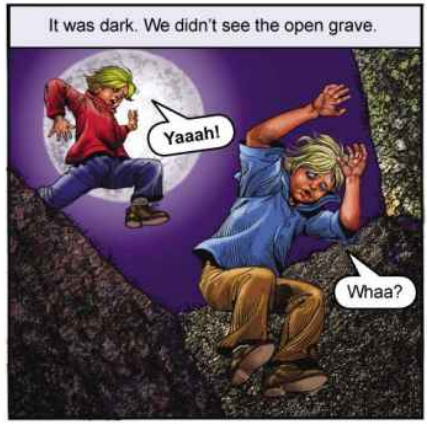
By now we were 5 and 6 years old.

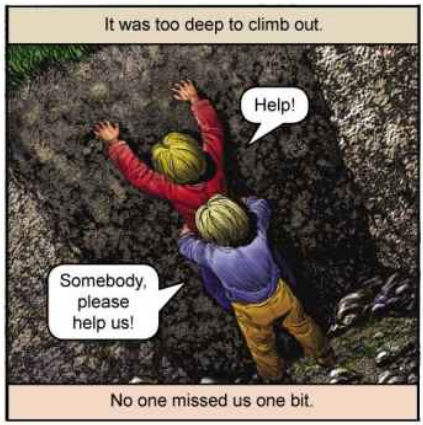
Simpson's rest and other dangerous mountains were riddled with caves and abandoned coal mines.


Still there, Bunn?
Instead of using the back entrance we climbed the face of the mountain. This was incredibly dangerous!
Yep!

Wanna go find some snakes?
NO TRESPASSING
Sure!
I wonder how deep this is?
Wow, that rock took a long time to hit the bottom!
We can't go down this one.
Let's cause a landslide. We can yell at the same time.
Here we go... 1 - 2 - 3!
YAAAAAAH!
CRASH!
But our favorite place to play at night was in the graveyard.

I'll race you to that big tombstone over there.
You're on, slowpoke!

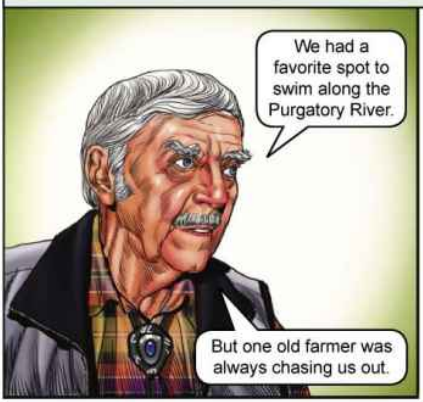

It was dark. We didn't see the open grave.
Yaaah!
Whaa?

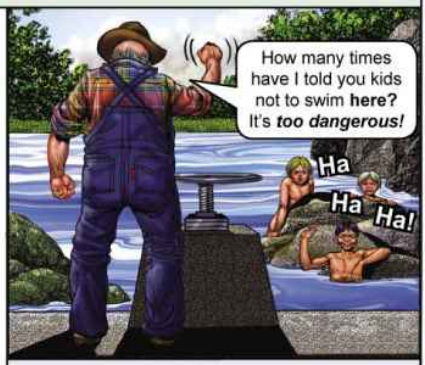

It was too deep to climb out.
Help!
Somebody, please help us!
No one missed us one bit.

So we curled up in the corner and went to sleep, the only one who **really** loved us was Helmer.
We were happy to see the grave digger the next day!

Trains were a big part of our childhood. I loved to lay inside the tracks as the train passed over me.
I was only five years old. Both Mom and Dad had nothing to do with us, and I just wanted to die and get it over with.

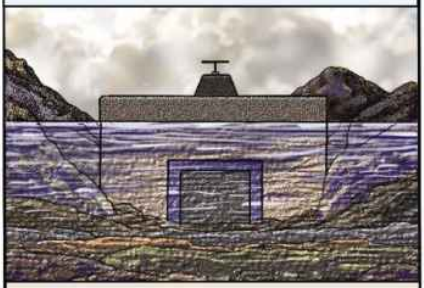
It looked like my death wish was about to come true.



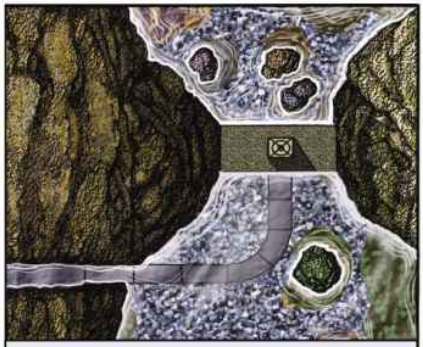


Our laughing at him only made him mad.

Under the water was a cement dam with an iron headgate.

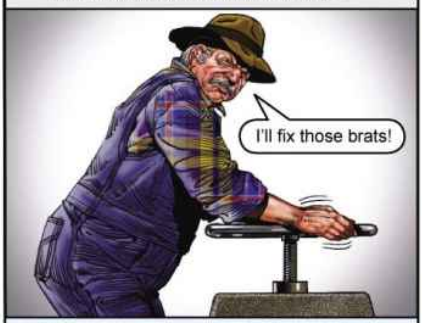


When raised, it would flood the ditches used for irrigation.



The water flowed through a tunnel under the river bank to the ditches.

One day while we were swimming, the old farmer snuck up on us in a fit of anger.



Unknown to us, he opened the iron headgate.

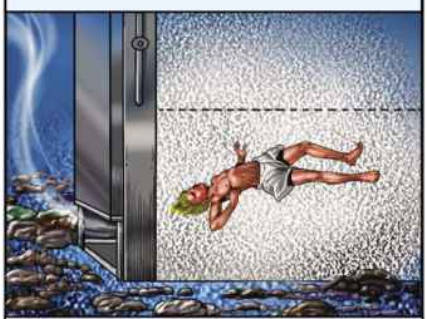
John Roy was swimming upstream and I was swimming with my friend, Benny, when we felt the water pulling us under.

Death was waiting for us!

A giant whirlpool appeared as tons of water started flushing us down through the gate below.

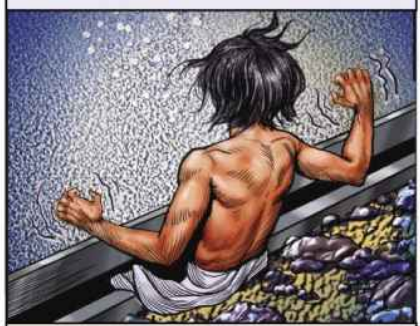
It was too strong for my friend and I. We were sucked underwater!

I was so little that the current pulled me under the headgate into the tunnel...



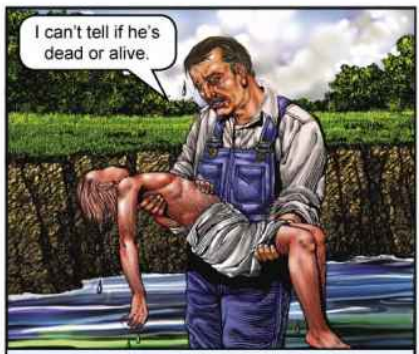
Shooting me into the irrigation ditches.

Benny was bigger than me.

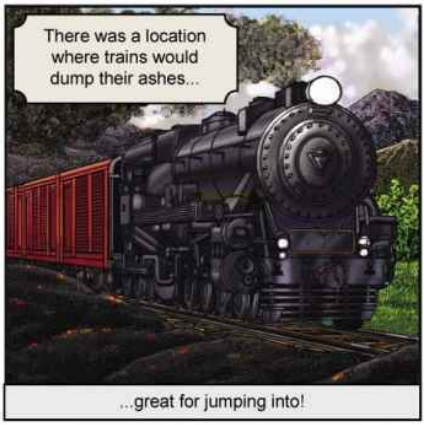


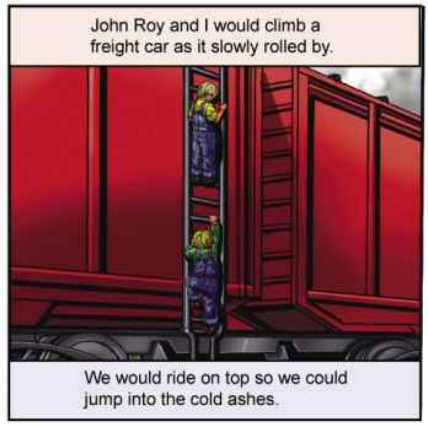
He got stuck in the bars above the tunnel and drowned.

Battered, scratched, bruised and unconscious I shot out of the tunnel.



That river had nearly killed me! But the next time I dove in, it saved my life.


There was a location where trains would dump their ashes...
...great for jumping into!


John Roy and I would climb a freight car as it slowly rolled by.
We would ride on top so we could jump into the cold ashes.

This is fun!
But this time, fresh, red-hot ashes had just been added to the mound. When we jumped...
and landed...

Our filthy clothes and hair caught on fire!
Aah!! You got me into this!
Ow!! I did not!
Right next to the mound was the Purgatory River. We quickly leaped in, barely escaping a fiery death!

We were always fighting and dirty. One day Ruby had had enough.
Stop fighting!
She jabbed us with the broom handle. We climbed out of the tub naked and ran outside to escape her.

But it was winter! The icy wind was blowing and snow was falling.
Stay out there! You're **not** getting back in the house.
But, Mama!
The snow was up to our knees! We were freezing, scared and crying as she locked the door.

John Roy and I were so cold we had stopped shivering. Ice was forming on our eyelashes with our frozen tears.

We were turning blue as our dad drove up.

Thank God, Dad carried us into the house. Then the war started.

But Ruby was bigger and stronger than John Slator and she fought like a man.

She grabbed a big, heavy shaving mug and slammed it into his head. We just stood there and stared.

John laid on his back unconscious with a bloody head.

Mama pocketed a few things and climbed into the car.

We stared out the window helplessly.

Mama cursed the lot of us as she drove off into the storm.

Ruby would take off and always return eventually. But one fateful day, she drove the car out into the field where we were playing.

The car was packed and she said to us...

I never saw her again until I was 24 years old.

She kissed us both. We were stunned.

That was the last time John Roy would ever see our mother again.

When our dad got home, he got the shock of his life.

Ruby had taken his car and driven back to Pennsylvania.

She had ransacked the house.

Ruby had also cleaned out their bank account. Dad sank into a deep, dark depression.

When he finally picked up the gun, we cried and pleaded with him!

Finally he listened to us and put the gun down.

Why in the world didn't your mom take **you two** with her?

Now **he** wanted out, so he dumped us on his poor, old mother.

I'm going to California, so I'm giving them to **you** to raise.

I'll try my best, but you've got to send us money, Son.

Dad never sent her a dime. She was so poor that she gave us to her daughter, Eva.

Aunt Eva didn't want us, but especially her husband Jim. He **hated** both of us.

I don't **want** them here.

Don't you understand? This is something I **have** to do!

John Roy and I used to make fun of Uncle Jim, but now we had to live with him. It was payback, big time!

Their son, Jimmy, was a bigger boy and like his daddy, he unleashed his hate on us.

Oww, that hurts!

Shut up!

I'm going to beat you **both** up. You'll be sorry you **ever** came here!

True to his word, Jimmy would beat us, each one separately, every chance he got.

Ha ha ha! That's my boy! ***Hit him again, Jimmy!***

You little girls can't fight!

Why don't we gang up on him?

If he beats on me, you help.

And if he beats on you, I'll help, ok?

The following day, the bully came for the pleasure of beating on us. It backfired.

Bam!

We attacked Jimmy with a vengeance and almost beat him to death! He couldn't get up. His dad was furious!

Look what you did to my boy! I want you monsters **out** of my house! Go, and **never come back.**

All three of us left —John Roy, Helmer and I.

The next few years they moved us from family to family. Our dad was drunk and with prostitutes and never thought about us.

We can't afford to keep you any longer.

Your dad has never sent us any money. Sorry, but you'll have to fend for yourselves.

Each family said the **same** thing to us.

You should be glad that **anyone** would want you...

...when your own **mom** and **dad** didn't even want you!

Those words tore me to pieces.

Even bratty little kids have feelings. I felt like a burden to everyone.

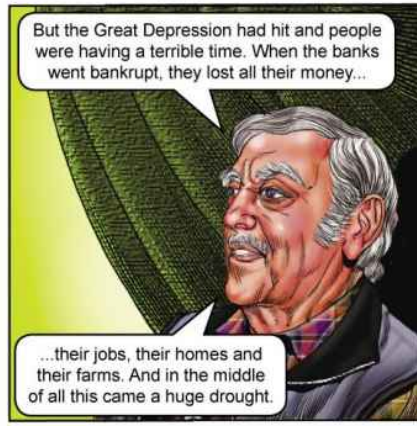
So I went down into the basement...tied a rope to a pipe, then knocked over the bucket.

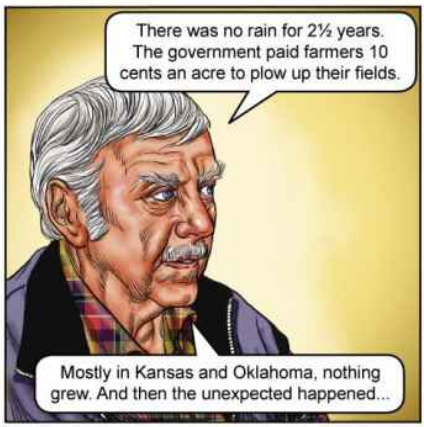
I was only 8 years old.

And I welcomed death.

Upstairs they heard the bucket banging on the floor. When they got into the basement I was almost gone.

They sent us to a family of dry-land farmers. They were God-fearing people, who never complained.


But the Great Depression had hit and people were having a terrible time. When the banks went bankrupt, they lost all their money...
...their jobs, their homes and their farms. And in the middle of all this came a huge drought.


There was no rain for 2½ years. The government paid farmers 10 cents an acre to plow up their fields.
Mostly in Kansas and Oklahoma, nothing grew. And then the unexpected happened...

The winds picked up that dry, plowed ground and carried it into the sky, forming giant dust clouds.

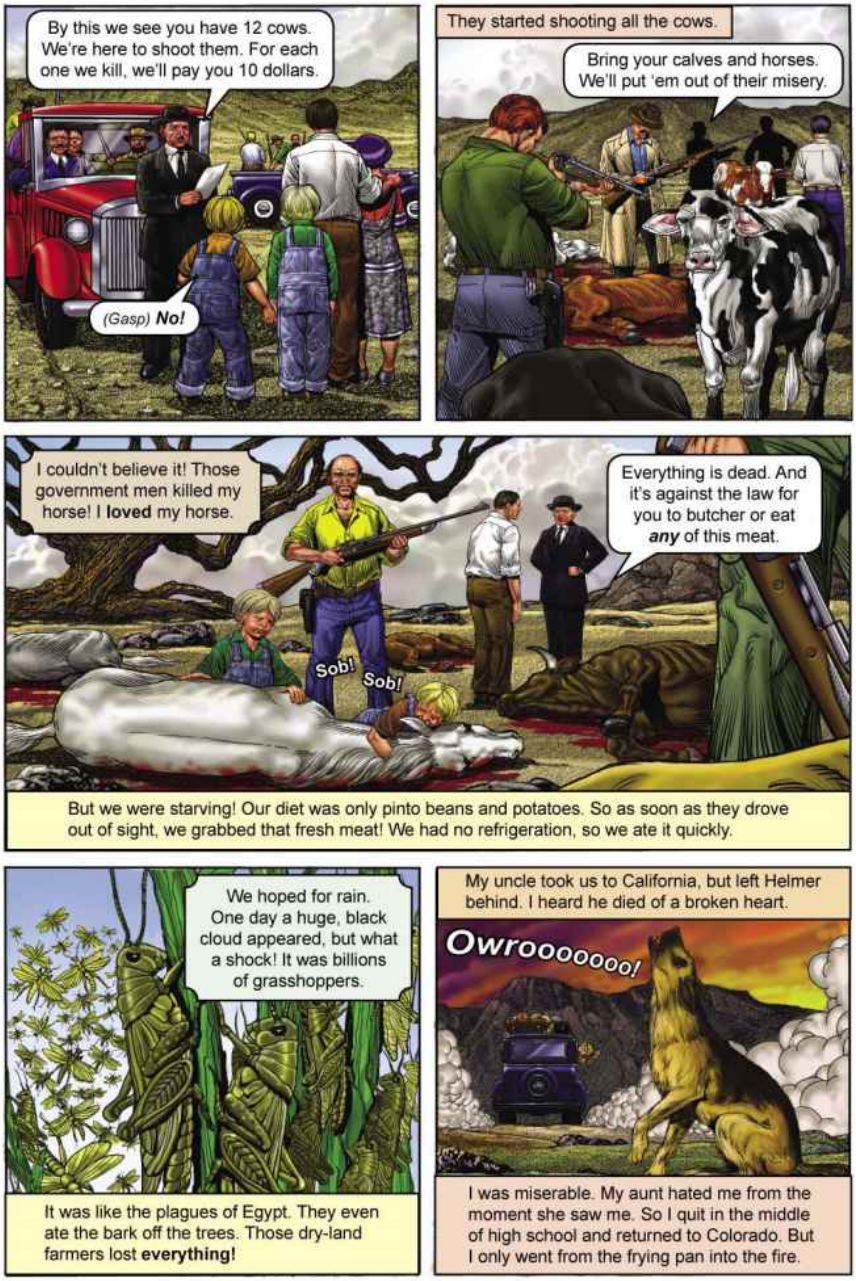
Some were over 1500 feet high. Those areas were called the Dust Bowl. In Colorado, day turned to night. Water holes were destroyed by the dust.

Inside the house we covered our heads with wet gunny sacks so we could breathe. Dust came in around the windows and doors.

Outside, the poor animals suffered the most. I may have hated people, but I loved those animals.

Animals were dying off. Colorado became a disaster state. Fence posts 4 feet high were almost completely covered.

The poor cows chewed on the fence posts trying to get food. Then the government stepped in...


By this we see you have 12 cows. We're here to shoot them. For each one we kill, we'll pay you 10 dollars.
(Gasp) No!
They started shooting all the cows.
Bring your calves and horses. We'll put 'em out of their misery.
I couldn't believe it! Those government men killed my horse! I loved my horse.
Everything is dead. And it's against the law for you to butcher or eat any of this meat.
Sob!
Sob!
But we were starving! Our diet was only pinto beans and potatoes. So as soon as they drove out of sight, we grabbed that fresh meat! We had no refrigeration, so we ate it quickly.
We hoped for rain. One day a huge, black cloud appeared, but what a shock! It was billions of grasshoppers.
It was like the plagues of Egypt. They even ate the bark off the trees. Those dry-land farmers lost everything!
My uncle took us to California, but left Helmer behind. I heard he died of a broken heart.
Owroooooooo!
I was miserable. My aunt hated me from the moment she saw me. So I quit in the middle of high school and returned to Colorado. But I only went from the frying pan into the fire.

My Uncle Louie owned a big ranch and had an opening. He asked me to work for him. Everyone was glad to be rid of me.

But he didn't want a farm hand. He wanted a slave.

I had to work 10 hours a day, 7 days a week, milking cows and building fences. He made me do the work of *three* men.
Uncle Louie cheated me every way he could. He never kept his promises. He lied, schemed and just like the others, told me how lucky I was to be there, since my folks didn't even want me. So I finally left him.

I started working on other ranches. I had to break horses and brand cattle. I froze in blizzards and crossed swollen rivers on horseback.

Years of neglect and abuse would harden anyone's heart. I had become "lean and mean," and would fight anyone, anywhere, any time.

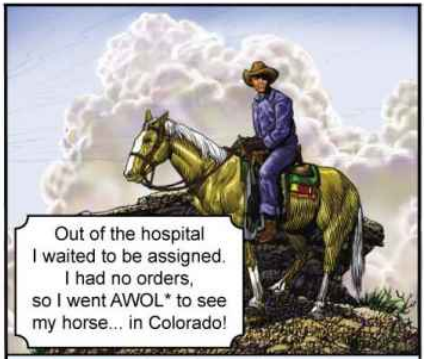
By 18 I had nearly drowned 3 times, many bones had been broken. I'd been shot, in a coma, robbed and even given up for dead.

What was left but to join the Marines?

World War II was underway and the Japanese army seemed unstoppable.

I didn't care one way or another if I got killed.
Dann, were you a troublemaker in the Marines, too?
You bet I was! Jim, the Bible says "Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."*
*Job 5:7

One day during an inspection, my sergeant opened my locker.
What in blazes is this?
Those are my horses, sir.
Well, your horses **aren't** allowed in here.
He tore them off the door and ripped them up.
You'll be sorry for that someday!
What did you say?
You had no right. Those horses were my whole life!
The only thing I loved were my horses and he destroyed their pictures! That was when he became my enemy.
After "lights out," he came to my bunk and ordered me outside, to teach me a lesson.
Am I allowed to fight back?
Yeah!
Then I won't get in any trouble?
That's right! Do what you can!
So "I did what I could" and he was flat on the ground.
Man, I hope he doesn't get upset.
But "...whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Galatians 6:7
One day while marching, he kneed me in my tailbone. I collapsed.
CRACK!
It had already been damaged on the ranch, but he just about finished me off.
I couldn't get up. In the hospital they saw how many broken bones I had.
You're a mess! Would you like a discharge?
No sir!
I'll die a Marine.
I should have kept my big mouth shut!



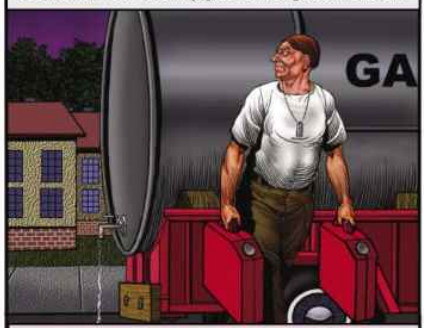
It was great, but when I got back to base
I was arrested and charged with desertion.

*Absent without leave

I sat in a cell for over 40 days with no trial. So at night I kept busy cutting a hole though the wall...

waiting for a chance to escape.
It didn't take long. ***A few nights later...***

Some nut was stealing gas from a gasoline truck.



But he forgot to turn off the valve. Gasoline poured out into open ditches and flooded the area.

Someone threw a lighted cigarette away...

A tremendous explosion followed. Fire was everywhere.

As the guards ran outside, I kicked open a little wooden door and escaped. The base was in chaos.

Guess what they were thinking?

Dann, they didn't think ***you*** were responsible, did they?

Yes, Jim. It looked like sabotage or even terrorism!

Military and local police had a net out for me. Four days later I sneaked back to the base.

High-ranking officers and police captains were gathered in the big patio, talking about the manhunt.

It looked like a war room as they made plans to catch me. I walked up to the base commander.

Who are you?

I'm a prisoner.

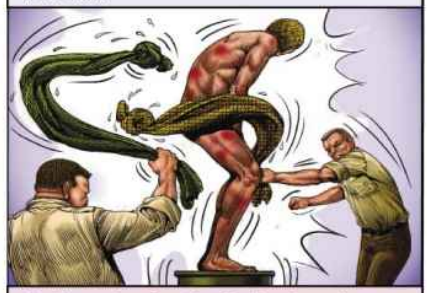
Who caught you?!

Nobody! I'm Slator.

Grab him!

Nobody believed that I only left to see my horse! I received 90 days hard labor and slept naked on a cement floor with no blanket.

I was awakened every hour. I had to stand on a trash can while the guards beat me with knotted wet towels.



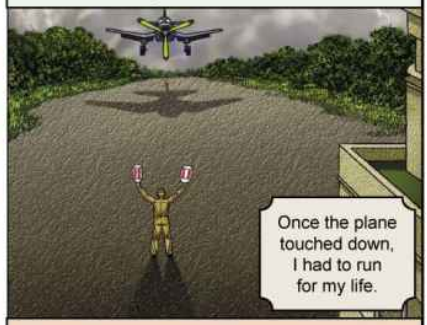
I collapsed so often they finally released me — because they needed someone for a suicide job.

At El Toro, the young pilots couldn't land their planes safely without guidance. Many pilots were dying.

We lost ***another*** one!

I had to stand by myself in the runway, facing incoming fighters, dive bombers and torpedo bombers, from 7am to 5pm every day for 90 days.

I guided planes in, by holding two flags. At least the pilots liked me!



Once the plane touched down, I had to run for my life.

The brig warden expected me to be killed...

But when the famous Colonel Charles Lindbergh saw me out there, he was furious!

Are you people out of your **minds?**

Gulp!

Get that man off the runway. That's an order!

After that assignment, I was sent to New Guinea.

Dann, did you see combat?

Yes, sir!

I was in on the liberation of the Philippines. My group landed in the island of Mindanao.

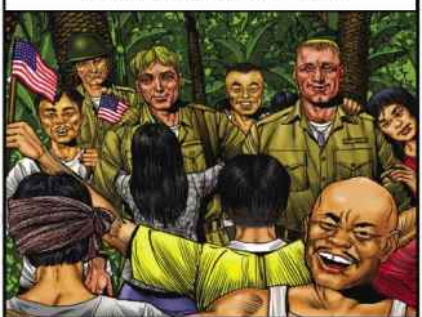
I was in the first plane to land on the airstrip in Zamboanga.

Japanese controlled one end of the strip and we held the other. We landed under fire.

The city was in ruins.

It took 3 months to secure the area. Then the people started coming out.

The Filipinos were so joyous! At long last they had their freedom.

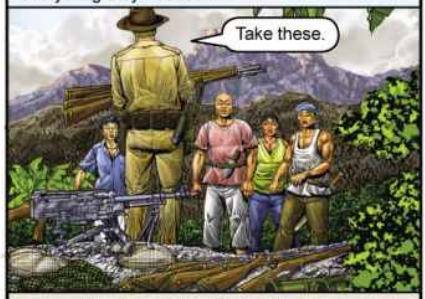


Enemy occupation had been like hell on earth.

I made friends with guerilla fighters. They told of beatings and torture when captured.

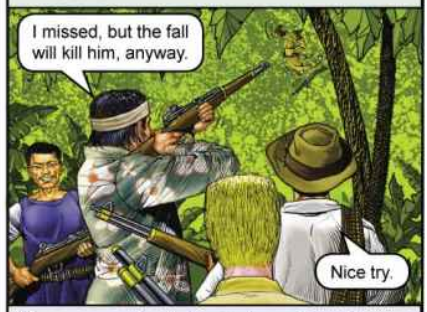
It was a reign of terror. All they could think of was getting back at the enemy.

They knew Japanese soldiers were hiding in their mountains. I was in ordnance and gave them everything they needed...



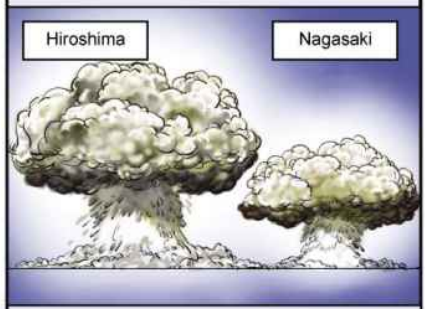
Hand grenades, rifles, side arms – they were armed to the teeth!

I had no feeling one way or another when they killed them.



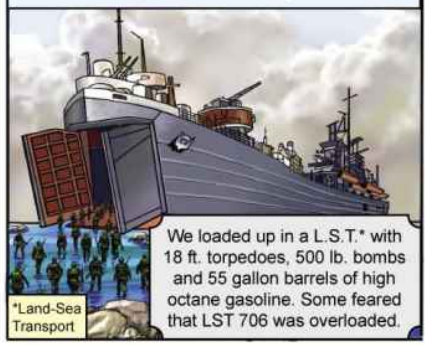
We were preparing to invade Japan. Our military experts predicted we could lose up to a million men.

So they decided on a terrifying alternative to losing our troops.



Japan surrendered after we dropped the second atomic bomb.

Our orders changed. We had been going to Japan, but now our destination was China —to remove all Japanese, both military and civilian.



We loaded up in a L.S.T.* with 18 ft. torpedoes, 500 lb. bombs and 55 gallon barrels of high octane gasoline. Some feared that LST 706 was overloaded.

By the time we anchored in Okinawa, a typhoon began pounding our ship.

Both our anchor chains broke. The winds kept getting stronger. Our engines were running until we lost both propellers.

Waves were pounding us. We were helpless and facing disaster.

We drifted into open sea with wind steadily rising. One wave snapped off our rudder.

Incredible winds turned the waves into mountains as 50 ft. tall ships disappeared in the typhoon.

Drums of gasoline were bouncing around the hold of the LST against 500-pound bombs.

Don't be afraid...
I almost drowned three times. Just take a big gulp of water. It's like getting high. It's a ***great*** way to die.
You're ***crazy,*** Slator!

How long did that typhoon last?
About 7 days.
And then you were safe?
No! We were **still** in danger drifting through mine fields. We had some close calls.

We were spotted and towed to Formosa. (Now it's called Taiwan.) Soon we set off again for China.

We had taken control of a Chinese air base. Next to the base was a wall. On the other side was Communist China.

In the north, Marines were rounding up Japanese prisoners of war to send back to Japan. Our Navy transported them by the thousands.

The Chinese were glad to hand them over. They had suffered horribly at the hands of these soldiers.

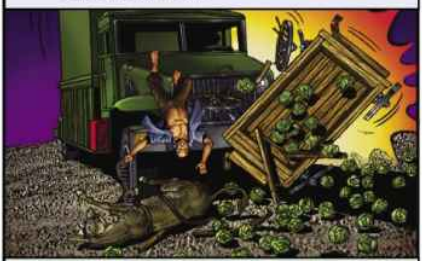
But now, a new terror was coming: civil war. Communists were fighting the Nationalists.

Negotiations held them in a state of truce while we were removing the soldiers.

We landed with our summer uniforms, but the weather got down to zero. Little Chinese children were found frozen to death in doorways.

Many soldiers got sick from the cold until our winter clothing finally arrived.

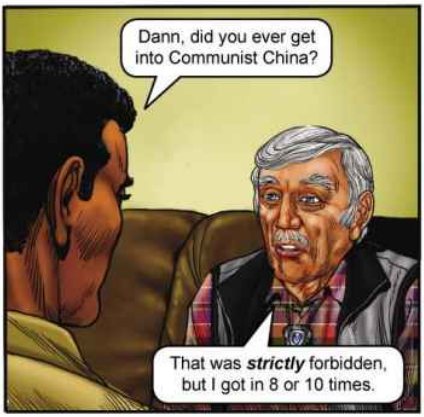
One fateful night when I was on shore patrol, I accidently hit a man hauling cabbages in a cart.

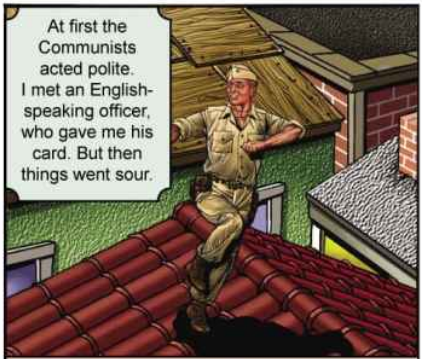


He was killed, and so was his donkey. Cabbages were everywhere. I found the nearest police station and we returned to the scene of the accident.

But when I got back to the spot, the cart, donkey and driver were all gone!

There wasn't so much as a cabbage leaf left on the street! The desperate, starving people grabbed everything.





Sometimes I ran on the rooftops to escape capture and death at the hands of the Communist soldiers.

Our ship, LST 706, left us to pick up Chinese nationalist soldiers. On its way back...

It hit an underwater mine and sank.
We battle-hardened marines cheered...
only because ***we*** weren't on it.

Up in Beijing, the brass wanted to impress the Communists with our air power.

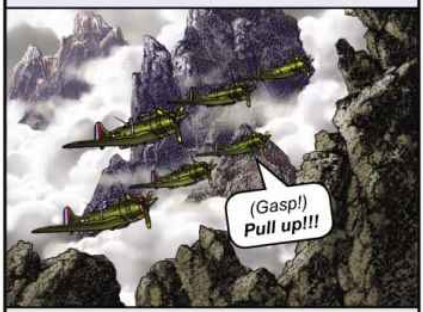
They called our base, requesting 6 of our Dauntless dive bombers for the air show.

Our field was so soaked in the fog,
we couldn't see our hand in front of us.

Our operations officer refused...
but he was overridden.

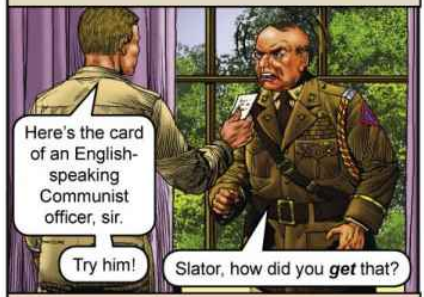
We couldn't see them on the runway,
but we heard them.

Flying in perfect formation, all six bombers hit a jagged mountain, hidden in the fog.



They crashed in Red China... No one survived!

The officers had a big problem. Who could they contact to get those 12 dead men out of communist China?



Yep! I was in trouble again —but we got them out!

When my tour of duty ended, everyone was glad to see me go.

I had been in fights constantly and always drunk. I hated everybody, especially myself.

While standing in line for my flight, my sergeant offered me $100 to take my place.

While my guards were busy talking, I slipped under the plane, hid and spent the night near town.

When I walked into the barracks the next day, everyone was shocked to see me.

They said my flight had crashed in Okinawa... everyone died. God had spared my life again.

Our whole division sailed to San Diego to be discharged.

Everyone else was getting honorable discharges.

Slator, yours is "under less honorable conditions."
What??
How can you ***do*** that to me?!
Don't get all hot and bothered at me —*I'm* not responsible!

Despite all the rules I had broken, I was **furious!**

All I could see was that the Marine Corps didn't want me. It felt like a slap in the face.

I silently swore: "From now on, nobody's ***ever*** going to tell me what to do again!"

Later, I learned I could appeal and finally got an honorable discharge.

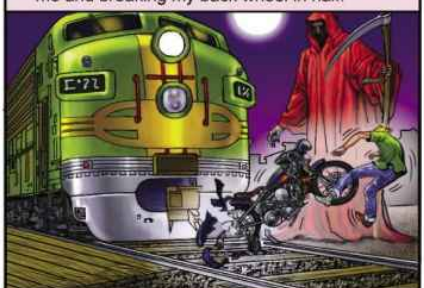
Dann, it's clear God kept you alive! What happened after you got discharged?

I was horrible. I went wild!

I went to all kinds of drunken parties, and drove my motorcycle like a madman. It was like I was driven by devils.

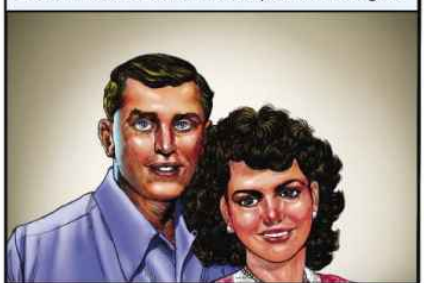
I didn't care if I lived or died. One night while I was showing off outside a bar, I foolishly rode off and crossed the nearby railroad tracks.

I was so drunk I didn't see or hear *anything*. The train crashed into me at 70 mph, throwing me and breaking my back wheel in half.



God spared my life time and time again, yet never once did I thank Him for it.

Later, I married Esther. We adopted two little girls.



I don't know how she put up with me. I got into landscaping, but soon I became a drunk, messing up jobs and losing customers.

I hated myself and tried to change!

Esther would go from bar to bar, looking for me. She hated to do it. She was so humiliated!

Even my little 8 and 10-year-olds were ashamed of their dad for being a drunk.

Then one day I read in the local paper that an artist was going to speak at church about the end times.

God was ready for Dann Slator. But was I ready for God?

When I got to church, the artist showed pictures of the coming plagues and then of the 2nd coming.

When the world rulers see Jesus coming in the clouds, they will be terrified.

Everyone who rejected Jesus Christ will be cast into the lake of fire.

The Lord Jesus will rule the world. And all who put their trust in Him will live with Him forever.

Are you going to be His friend, or His enemy?

God gave His Son, Jesus (the Creator) as a human sacrifice for our sins. They cursed Jesus, whipped Him, spat on Him and poured their hatred on Him.

God the Son died on that cross for you and washed away your filthy sins with His precious blood.

All sinners deserve hell. God did everything he could to save your necks.

If you're dumb enough not to grab God's love gift and surrender your life to Him, then you're God's enemy! Repent and receive Him as your Saviour.

This is the greatest verse in the Bible: John 3:16

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Believe on Him now, or you'll regret it in the lake of fire for all eternity. It's your choice.

I was *steaming* as I walked out of church. I hated that message!

I'll ***never*** set foot in a church again!

In a rage, I took off for my local bar. I was going to get good and drunk.

The patrons saw me all dressed up and asked me if I was going to a funeral. I didn't laugh as I ordered my beer.

I kept trying to get that message out of my head, but I couldn't! So I talked to my beer.

I felt all my sin and guilt like a heavy load on my back. I couldn't drink. Instead, I prayed.

I'm sick of my life. Help me, Lord!

All I am is a keg of beer with legs. I promise you, Lord, I'll never drink this crud again. Please, come into my heart, Lord, and save me.

When I finished praying, that tremendous load of guilt was lifted off my back.

WOW!

I walked out of that bar a new creature. My sins were gone! I felt like I was walking on clouds. God heard me and changed my heart!

When I got home they expected to see me drunk. But instead I made a special announcement:

From now on we're going to church every Sunday!

What? What? What?

All three almost fainted... I wasn't the same man.

I knew Jesus told us to "go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

But I didn't know how! So I asked the Lord to show me what He wanted me to do.

An evangelist who came to our church told me:

There's ***lots*** of ways to win souls, Dann.

I use these little gospel tracts,

It was so simple and easy to use. I wish someone had given ***me*** a tract!

God had answered my prayer and I went into action.

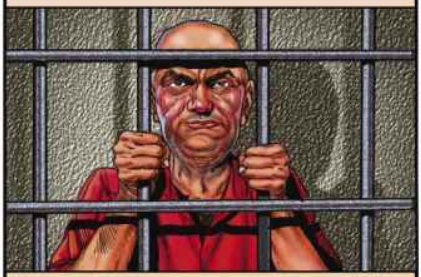
At a funeral people think of death and eternity, so I bought a beautiful hearse.

It was a big hit! It drew crowds who'd read the signs, and I'd give them tracts.

I would go to rescue missions to speak to guys who had given up. One day I met a chaplain.

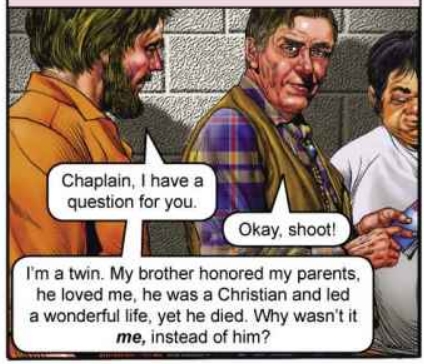
God opened the door and I became a volunteer chaplain for 18 years.

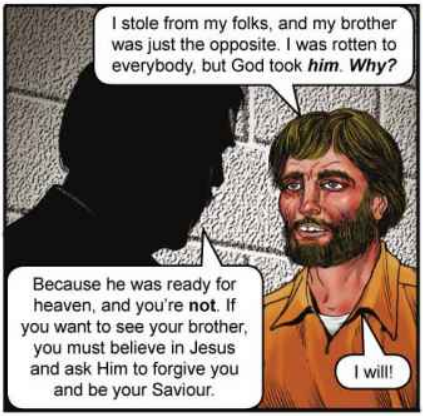
God helped me to realize that almost *all* the men felt unwanted.

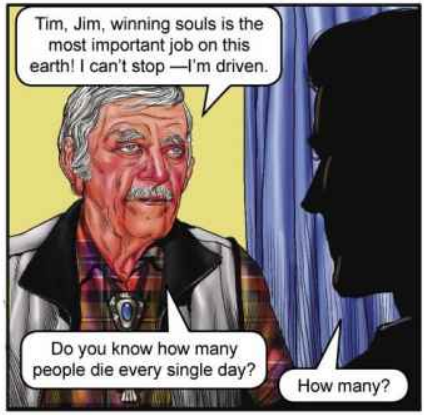


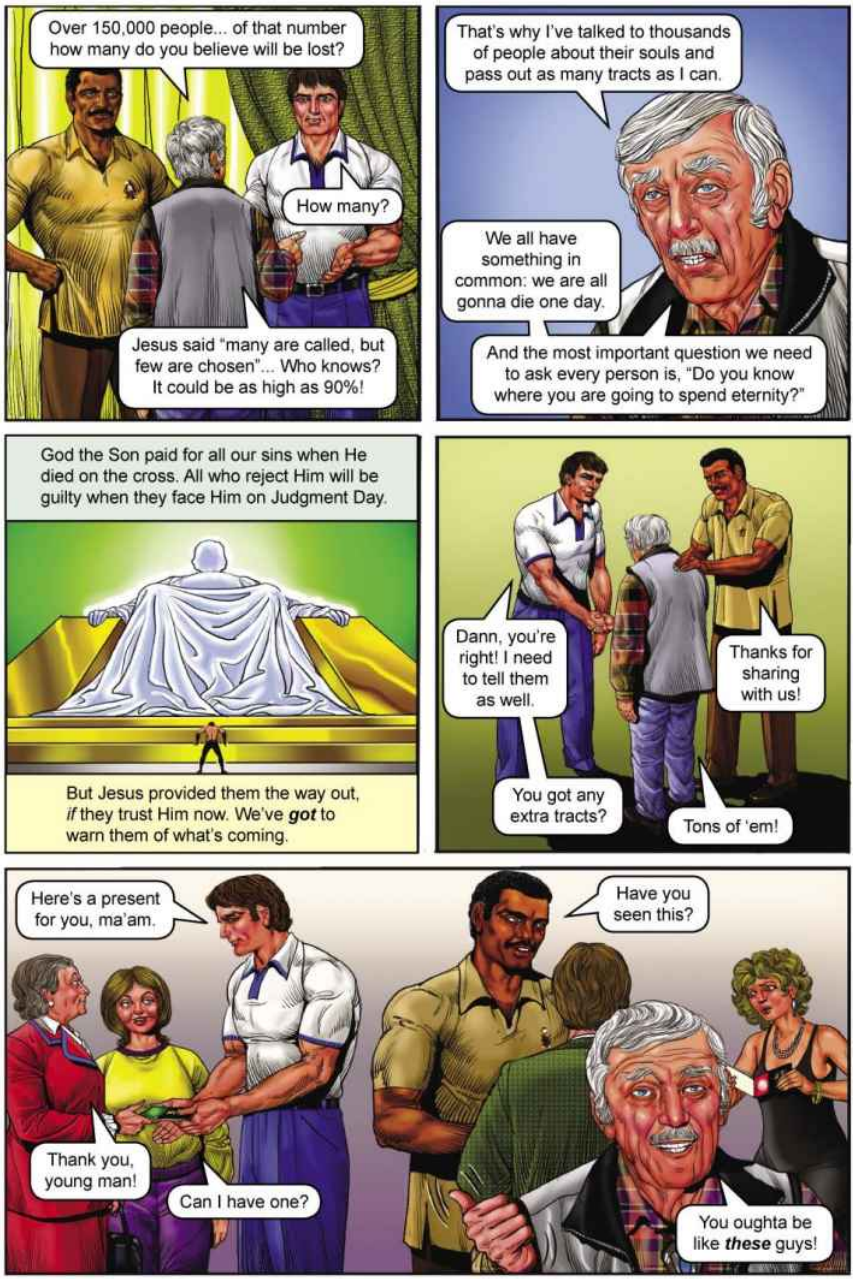
They felt like worthless, damaged goods. They had no compassion for ***anybody***. ***That's how I felt, before I got saved.***

Every day was a new experience. I was amazed to see how God would touch these prisoners.


Chaplain, I have a question for you.
Okay, shoot!
I'm a twin. My brother honored my parents, he loved me, he was a Christian and led a wonderful life, yet he died. Why wasn't it **me,** instead of him?


I stole from my folks, and my brother was just the opposite. I was rotten to everybody, but God took ***him***. ***Why?***
Because he was ready for heaven, and you're **not**. If you want to see your brother, you must believe in Jesus and ask Him to forgive you and be your Saviour.
I will!


Tim, Jim, winning souls is the most important job on this earth! I can't stop —I'm driven.
Do you know how many people die every single day?
How many?


Over 150,000 people... of that number how many do you believe will be lost?
How many?
Jesus said "many are called, but few are chosen"... Who knows? It could be as high as 90%!
That's why I've talked to thousands of people about their souls and pass out as many tracts as I can.
We all have something in common: we are all gonna die one day.
And the most important question we need to ask every person is, "Do you know where you are going to spend eternity?"
God the Son paid for all our sins when He died on the cross. All who reject Him will be guilty when they face Him on Judgment Day.
But Jesus provided them the way out, *if* they trust Him now. We've ***got*** to warn them of what's coming.
Dann, you're right! I need to tell them as well.
Thanks for sharing with us!
You got any extra tracts?
Tons of 'em!
Here's a present for you, ma'am.
Have you seen this?
Thank you, young man!
Can I have one?
You oughta be like ***these*** guys!

A lot of people feel like I did, damaged goods, unwanted and unloved —no matter how tough they look on the outside. But inside they are like frightened children. Don't be afraid... you can reach them!

When I started handing out Chick Tracts, I found out how easy it is to win souls.

Never go anywhere without at least a couple tracts in your purse or pocket. This may be the only time in their life they hear the gospel.

THE BIBLE SAYS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HEAVEN!

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (John 14:6)

NOBODY ELSE CAN SAVE YOU. TRUST JESUS TODAY!

1. Admit you are a sinner.
2. Be willing to turn from sin (repent).
3. Believe that Jesus Christ died for you, was buried and rose from the dead.
4. Through prayer, invite Jesus into your life to become your personal Saviour.

WHAT TO PRAY

Dear God, I am a sinner and need forgiveness. I believe that Jesus Christ shed His precious blood and died for my sin. I am willing to turn from sin. I now invite Christ to come into my heart and life as my personal Saviour.

Did you accept Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? Yes ☐ No ☐

Date_____

If your answer was yes, then this is just the beginning of a wonderful new life with Christ. Now:

1. Read your Bible (KJV) every day to get to know Christ better.
2. Pray to God every day (in your own words).
3. Be baptized, worship, fellowship, and serve with Christians in a church where Christ is preached and the Bible is the final authority.
4. Tell others about Christ.